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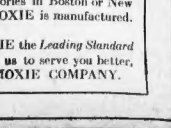
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE STATE BOARD OF ARBITRATION?
A Story Every Labor Man and Every Employer Will Want to Read ∴ ∴ ∴ *In Sunday's AMERICAN*

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SUNDAY AMERICAN

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MRS. FISH SETS UP NEW SOCIAL PRISON OVER 500

NEWPORT, Aug. 2.—Out of the sun-plant, oldest, youngest, ideal in the world—the land of fairy and the stories of Mother Goose, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish has founded "Crownways" last night, the most dazzling, the most beautiful and the most significant social spectacle in the history of Newport or Boston.

She founded "the five hundred," and society folk are wondering today if she has not established a new dynasty of social rule. She declared a crusade against the bare battles of sex and suffrage. She was, however, to Mrs. John A. Lee on the latter's first return to the marriage of fashion.

In a quarter of a century there has been no gathering of the merry and mighty to equal her Mother Goose ball.

Jewels estimated to be worth \$12,000, 000 were worn by the guests and a guard of police and private detectives such as has never attended a social event in Newport before was arranged. Society people are distinctly alarmed by the recent robbery at Narragansett Pier.

Other interesting statistics are that the estimated cost \$500,000, the tickets \$100,000 and the supper \$25,000.

Of the "Queen of the Fairies," the most beautiful girl in the world, the guests a galaxy of the most noted women in America in the most exquisite of costumes of children fair.

Perhaps the real old Mother Goose never existed "Lillian the Fairy" to wear diamonds, or any of her fairy folk to be clad in sheer silver and gold, but she would have liked them, but she has been there last night.

From the tips of their pointed leather shoes to the tips of their blonde wings, they were exquisite, and for more than an hour after their appearance no one saw them but they.

Mrs. Robert Gosset and Mrs. Carter were the others whose fairy dress won the greatest attention, the latter a symphony in glittering silver, with wings and an electric wand.

Bryan Says He Will Resume Lectures

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—Secretary Bryan today announced that he probably would leave Washington tonight to resume his Chautauque lecture tour, which was interrupted last week by Ambassador Wilson's visit to Washington.

Free Book

I averaged drinking about 20 glasses of whiskey daily. Also considerable beer, gin and ale.



He was arrested at the Touraine yesterday. Special Officer John McCarthy testified that David told him he planned to "take a change," get the messenger who brought the laundry into his room at the Touraine, then knock him down, and take the jewelry and run.

David pleaded for leniency, saying his wife and child were dependent on him. If they knew of the case, and Judge Murray said he would investigate.

North Shore Jury Acquits the Tango

MAGNOLIA, Aug. 2.—Magnolia society has not only stamped the tango but the tango with it is approved, but is interesting to learn the steps, following the demonstration by two professional dancers from New York who appeared before an informal jury in the ball room of the hotel.

More than 400 of the summer colony were seated about tables. For the hour of the demonstration the lights were dimmed and the music was playing.

Among the Boston people who were present were Mrs. William A. Bell, Mrs. Albert I. Cross, Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Andrews, Sidney A. Shaw, Mrs. Charles Foster, Victor Kennedy, Mrs. J. W. Lawrence and Mrs. Randolph Taylor.

Huntington Avenue 'Great White Way'

Between the two Great White Ways, Huntington Avenue, brilliant electric lights have transformed that street from one of the darkest of the city into the brightest.

The signal for turning on the lights for the first time was given by Mayor Fiske, following which a series of brilliant new lamps in automobiles took place the length of the street.

Mayor Fitzgerald, in his speech, commended the citizens of the district on their public spirit.

Charlestown Car Change.

Beginning at midnight tonight the Boston Elevated Railway Company will direct its charlestown branch cars, both ways, via Warren avenue bridge, to the track west of Kenney square, North Washington and Cambridge streets.

Patents.

RECEIVED FOR THE PATENT OFFICE, U. S. DEPT. OF COMMERCE, DIVISION OF PATENTS, WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 2, 1913.

EDWARD J. WOODS

334 South Ave., C 988, New York, N. Y.

MRS. FISH'S BALL GIVEN AS PROTEST AGAINST SUFFRAGE

NEWPORT, Aug. 2.—Mrs. Fish said to the AMERICAN correspondent today: "I have been tired for months of the continual and ceaseless cry of sex and suffrage. Votes for women and the problems of sex have been the growing topic, it seems, of all men and women. I am tired of both. I am tired of women wanting to acquire something they do not need and of giving up the things for which they were created."

"The day after reading of some of the atrocities committed by the militant suffragettes I picked up Mother Goose's melodies and oh, they seemed so refreshing and fine after all this sex and suffrage twaddle. It occurred to me that Mother Goose was someone very much to be revered in this day of woman's changing standards."

"Mother Goose was a real woman, and what's more she was a real mother who wanted the best of children before anything else, as it should be."

"Suffragettes—I detest them and my ball is given as a protest to the women who want the ballot instead of the things she was created for."

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PRINCE and PRINCESS SOLOWSKI, who are fleeing laundress who says she was Prince's fiancée.



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TRAPPED, SAYS IRISH ASS, TO WORK HUB

Dedicated she and ten other girls were hired in Belfast, Ireland, to come to this country and work for the Boston Twine and Thread Company and promised all sorts of luxuries. Miss Mary Jane Rooney, an Irish girl of seventeen, graphically described how she was almost driven to despairing by want after being discharged for "talking too much" to her shipmates. She is temporarily lodging with a family in Jamaica Plain and wants to return to Ireland.

Miss Rooney had but 3 cents and wore an old skirt and water-worn dress and when the AMERICAN reporter spoke to her, Mrs. said that was all she had in the world.

The records of the immigration office show that Miss Rooney was destined to the Line Thread Company by agreement. The Secretary of Commerce directed the T. & T. administration. It is claimed, gave his consent for the landing of the girls in this country.

How is Miss Rooney's story?

"Last October I saw an advertisement in the Belfast Weekly Telegraph, announcing that the Boston Twine and Thread Company wanted girl applicants to work in their factory. It showed a picture of a nice little house, and I wrote a letter to my sister, and we wrote a letter together for the publisher, as did several other young friends of mine."

"We intended to go to the agent of how we would be treated the same way. He said we would get \$8 a week. We all accepted the position."

"When we arrived in Boston last November we were not allowed to land for three days. The immigration officials held us up. The Boston agent sent the Boston Twine and Thread Company name and we were not allowed until we showed some papers."

Finally, we were taken to Newark, N. J. of women took me and another girl to live with her. I had to give \$150 of the \$10 given me when I started for a week's board and lodging."

"The work at the Newark factory was too hard for me, and I was transferred to the Jamaica Plain factory. I worked here up to several days ago, when I was told my services were no longer required."

"The board and lodging that were paid out to me as an incentive to get me and the other girls to come here, tricked and trapped me. Ireland is a better place than an American factory any day."

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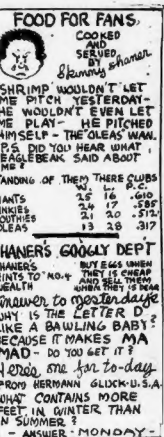
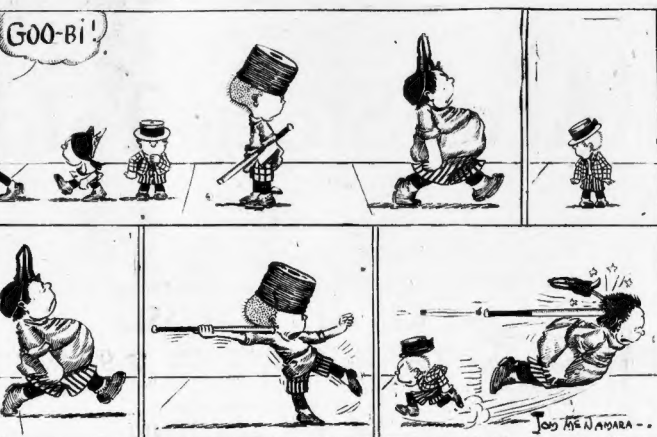
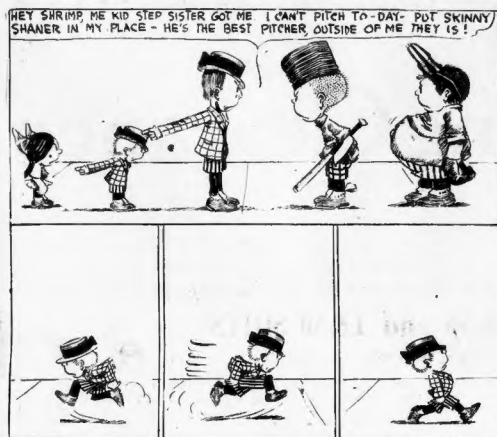
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The Dingbat Family



Us Boys



CARDENIO F. KING TELLS OF PRISON WORSHIP UNDER ARMED GUARDS

Charlestown State Prison officers chose tobacco or gun soda, guarding prisoners at Sunday service, according to the vivid story of "Secrets of Prison Life," by the late Cardenio F. King, the Boston financial operator. In today's final chapter of this remarkable narrative Mr. King describes worship under armed guards. He concludes his narrative with the sad tale of "Old Habbot" and "Sir William."

CHAPTER V.

Copyright, 1915, by Claude King. "Jesus Is Calling Today." CHARLESTOWN STATE PRISON, Jan. 17, 1909. It's quite a climb to the auditorium over the guard room where chapel service are held. It's up six flights of stone and iron stairs. Two sentries are held every Sunday morning—mass for Catholics at 8:30 and general Protestant services at 10:30. Prisoners are required under the rules to attend one or the other, and may attend both if they so desire. I decided to take in the general services on my first Sunday in this still to me new and strange world. The division in which I was tooling about before one of the last services under which when I arrived. The gray-suited congregation was staid. The gray-suited orchestra of twenty-five pieces, seated upon the platform in front, was playing. The big platform which is used as a pulpit has upon it also seats for visitors and the orchestra. It presented a rather unique spectacle as I entered the room and sat down upon the seats. I had been directed by a

uniformed officer. The chaplain was seated upon the platform, legs crossed and arms folded. His expression was stern, and I thought half-awakened. To his left sat the "little man with the florid complexion," the deputy warden, neatly attired and with his hair carefully brushed. He watched the assembling of his charges with an interested but not unkindly expression. My attention was at once attracted to the big orchestra, and the tall, gaunt and haggard figure of an old man standing in front, drawing with his lifeless hands and expressionless face the bow of an immense bass viola. He seemed entirely oblivious to his surroundings and yet the heavy bass notes rang out in perfect harmony. "Poor old man!" I thought, "you've been here so long and played that tune so many times that you could doubtless play it in your sleep!" The soft, mellow voice of a young man at my side could be heard clear and distinct. I violated a rule by turning my head to look at him. He was evidently a newcomer, for the glow of health was still upon his cheeks and prison pallor had not as yet held hold upon him. I listened to the words of the song: Jesus is calling the weary to rest— Calling today, calling today; Bring Him thy burden and thou shalt be blest. He will not turn thee away. Calling today, calling today; Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling today. Jesus is pleading, oh, list to His voice— Hear Him today, hear Him today. They who believe on this name shall rejoice.

Quickly arise and away. Calling today, calling today; Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling today. The words of the song and the intermingling of the melody of nearly 700 gray-suited prisoners, led by the big prison orchestra, caused a deep spiritual feeling to well up within me, and I was actually beginning to believe myself in a sacred place of worship, when my eyes wandered about the room and I saw nearly a score of officers in uniform seated upon elevated chairs about the walls. They were there to see that the prisoners worshiped God in exact accordance with the statutes and the rules of the prison, and I did not have to be told that they were armed with heavy or gun, and all totally disinterested in the services from a devotional point of view, quickly took away the spiritual aspect of the scene and changed it to one of only of entertainment. From now on I found interest only in studying the unusual picture. I was impressed by the chaplain's prayer because of its great length and the multitudinous list of things asked for. His sermon was delivered without feeling and was brief. It was recited in a perfectly indifferent manner so far as I could judge. Then, again, led by the orchestra, the congregation stood up and made the roof and steel-barred windows fairly rattle with: The Lord our Rock, in Him we hide. A shelter in the time of storm; Secure whatever ill befalls, A shelter in the time of storm.

A weary land, a weary land, Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land. A shelter in the time of storm. The ragging storm may round us best. A shelter in the time of storm; We'll never leave our safe retreat. A shelter in the time of storm. O Rock divine, O Refuge dear. A shelter in the time of storm; Be Thou our help forever near. A shelter in the time of storm. After the singing we remained standing while the chaplain pronounced a perfunctory benediction. Then the orchestra struck up a lively quickstep and the gray-suited congregation began to file out on either side of the room and wind down the stairs, each division of twenty or thirty being accompanied by an officer. We passed the kitchen "aidie" and gathered in our allowance for dinner, consisting of baked fish, mashed potatoes and bread. It was 11:30 when I returned to the close confines of my cell, and the door was locked, to be opened no more until 7 o'clock tomorrow morning. After eating my dinner and reading for a while I grew very restless and had to fight hard to keep from being enveloped in a fit of melancholia. I paced back and forth in my capsule and back and forth, back and forth. The chapel seems spread out before me and again I saw the tall, gaunt figure of the old man mechanically drawing the big bow over the strings of the immense bass viola. Unconsciously I began to whistle as I paced back and forth, and as I whistled my soul breathed the words of the song: Jesus is calling the weary to rest— Calling today, calling today; Bring Him thy burden and thou shalt be blest. He will not turn thee away. Calling today, calling today; Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling today. Jesus is pleading, oh, list to His voice— Hear Him today, hear Him today. They who believe on this name shall rejoice.

Bring Him thy burden and thou shalt be blest. He will not turn thee away. My eye first upon the barren, white-washed walls, followed the movements of the bow in the lifeless hand of the old man, and as he played I whistled on. Calling today, calling today; Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling today. An officer appeared at my barred door and informed me that I must "cut out whistling and walking" "vice against the rules," he said. I told him that I would do exactly as he ordered, and explained that the whistling was unconscious, for I was not even a poor whistler. I sat down and tried to read, but the lines would blur and run together. I tried to write, but my mind seemed moving in four different directions at once, and so I had to give it up. The chapel scene once more appeared, and I was startled to find myself softly humming: Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land. A weary land, a weary land; Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land. A shelter in the time of storm. I knew it would not do and determined to keep the admonition of the officer in mind. Just when I thought I was obeying all the rules, for surely I was neither whistling nor pacing the floor, the officer again appeared and pointed out that I was drumming with my fingers on the table, and as it was calculated to disturb other prisoners, I would have to "cut it out and keep quiet." I turned to musing on the old lines "trusty" or "runner," as he is called, came to leave me a

magazine, loaned by a friendly neighbor. "Tell me," I said to him, "something about the old fellow who plays the big bass fiddle in the orchestra." "Sure," he answered, "that's HABBOT, poor old devil, been here about twenty-eight years; was convicted of murder on circumstantial evidence, sentenced to hang, but was commuted. He's innocent. That, as, he can make that bass fiddle talk all right. He keeps it in his cell over in Cherry Hill and it's his pal - all the pal he's got, for he's getting old and he don't go about much. Funny about Habbot and his big fiddle. It's so big that he can't lug it up the stairs to chapel, for it's all he can do to get up his own self. He's that feeler; so they had a young fellow carry it up for him, while Habbot tugs around behind. It's the same coming down. Long years ago Habbot named the big fiddle "Sir William." He speaks of it as "affectionate" like, and I guess it should be taken away from him he wouldn't had a great while. Him and Sir William are a great pal." Poor old Habbot! I wonder why his long-drawn features - his bloodless, leathery hands - made a deep impression upon me? Even before being told, I was sure he had been a long time in prison. He was a fellow, perhaps, his life had been filled with unexpressible passions. Now comes the story in a nutshell: CONVICTED BECAUSE HE COULD NOT PROVE THAT INNOCENCE. FOR WITH TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AS A CONVICT HE HAD STEADFASTLY MAINTAINED: "Twenty-eight years? No wonder that look of sadness!" IF SIR WILLIAM COULD ONLY TALK HE COULD TELL US WHETHER OR NOT THE OLD MAN IS GUILTY OF THE CRIME CHARGED TO HIS ACCOUNT. FOR WITH THAT OLD FIDDLE AS HIS ONLY PAL HE HAS CONFESSED ALL TO IT - HIS HAS

denied his guilt or acknowledged it. And it may be that he is guilty. And if he is - all the soul of the Commonwealth could not pay the bill it owes him. For so great a wrong there could be no compensation. Circumstantial evidence has claimed him an innocent victim, and perhaps the old man feels that in escaping the chair, after he had been sentenced to death he was really lucky. Was he? No more now is his - and what has he extracted out of life? Has his companionship with Sir William been worth the price? Better the grave and the judgment bar of God than a life sentence within stone walls and behind barred doors? POOR OLD COMRADE! I'M AFRAID THE MEMORY OF YOUR strutting cheek bone, the slight hunch to your back and the deathlike palor of your face - your tall, angular figure - those eyes that look away off yonder and see no hope, will haunt me for many a day. Twenty-eight years to sea there is no use - and yet you declare your innocence! MAY THE BRIGHT SUN OF FREEDOM SHINE ALONG YOUR PATHS BEFORE THE PASSING OF MANY MORE YEARS! FOR EVEN IF GUILTY AS CHARGED, I AM SURE AFTER SEEING YOU TODAY THAT YOU'VE OFFERED LOVE, AND FAR TOO LONG. MANY TIMES OVER YOU'VE PAID THE PRICE! YOURS HAS BEEN A MORAL DEATH - "AND," SAYS THE SWEETING CYCLE, "THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH" - BUT HOW ABOUT IT WHEN THERE WAS NO SIN - WHEN THE TONGUE OF FATE MET WITH UNFORWARD CIRCUMSTANCE AND PLUCKED A MAN FROM AMONG THOSE WHO LOVED; AND SAID HIM A SUMMER FOR HIS IDENTITY - THREW HIM INTO PRISON FOR HIS natural lifetime, and left him there protesting his innocence to an old fiddle to whom he gave his heart? (THE END).

RAY COLLINS IS
OUT OF THE GAME
WITH LAME ARM

SOX END SERIES WITH NAPS IN A DOUBLE-HEADER

The Sox wind up their work at the Fenway Park today with the Red Sox. This last-day-of-the-series game is the postscript of Wednesday's game by Ray Collins, the Red Sox only remaining pitcher during the last two weeks, has joined Joe Wood in the bullpen. With this pitching man in the bullpen, the Sox are prepared for a desperate effort against the Naps in the double-header.

Here's the Red Sox line-up of clippers: Heinie Wagner, ace hand. Ray Collins, third base. Larry Gardner, bad ankle. The Wood, broken thumb. Ray Collins, stricken arm. And the Naps, straining in pursuit of the dropping Athletics, will take all the rest of the game.

This series has been a rather puzzling one for the Naps. They have taken three games played, and unless the pitching and fielding of the Red Sox improve this afternoon, the Naps may have an other opportunity to better their average. There is no denying the fact, however, that the Naps are playing real baseball. Their work in this series is proof enough, and this, despite the fact that neither Cy Fawcett nor Van Greig, their two star pitchers, is in condition to pitch. Birmingham, though, has sufficient pitching material on the bench, and there is no telling what the Naps would do if Fawcett and Greig were pitching now as they did at the start of the season.

Naps Coming Along.
At that, the Naps are slowly but surely closing in on the leading Markins, who by the way, are now having things all their own way nowadays. The Cleveland have cut down considerable space between themselves and the Athletics during the present season with the Red Sox, while the Athletics were meeting several setbacks at the hands of the Naps, and now their own games separates the two teams.

The Red Sox, on the other hand, are in pretty bad shape. Heinie Wagner, the best pitcher of the Red Sox, is out of the game with blood poisoning in his right hand. He is expected to be back in a few days, but his return will be a relief to the team. Wagner has been out of the game for some time, and his return will be a relief to the team. Wagner has been out of the game for some time, and his return will be a relief to the team.

Right on top of Wagner's injury comes the news that Ray Collins will have to be out of the game for some time. It is not known how long Ray will be out of the game, but it may only be temporary, but he will be a hard loss to the Sox, as his work was the backbone of the pretty well-knit pitching staff. Ray was expected to pitch yesterday, but, he was unable to do so because of his injury.

Youngsters Pitch Today.
Foster and Leonard will pitch today. The latter worked for three innings yesterday and was forced to retire when his curves were being touched up too freely. However, with the present condition of the pitching staff, "Duke" will probably be forced to pitch a star pitcher and a good batter, his confidence in his return to the top of the line is not shaken. The Naps are the best double-header team in the league, and Kahl and Kahl look like the Naps pitching selection.

Red Sox Purchase St. Paul Pitcher
ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 2.—Ringer Ringer, sold by St. Paul to the Boston Americans, came to St. Paul from the St. Louis Nationals in 1911, and despite lack of confidence with him in his sixteen games that year. In 1912, after a long illness, he cut down for ten straight wins and was the star of the team. This year he has been the team's leading pitcher, winning twelve of the sixteen games he has pitched.

Naps Get Twirler.
NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 2.—Manager Frank of the local Southern Association team, today announced that Pitcher Ben C. McArthur, who has been loaned to the Cleveland Americans.

Interesting Real Estate News for American Readers
The Real Estate section of the SUNDAY AMERICAN will contain live, vital news pertaining to Real Estate.
If you buy or sell Real Estate; if you desire to lease or rent an apartment; if you want to keep well posted in realty matters—

Don't Fail to Read the Real Estate Section of the SUNDAY AMERICAN

BOSTON AMERICAN SPORTING NEWS

Silk Hat Harry's Divorce Suit



Bunk Is No Trailer



BASEBALL CARDS TODAY

Major league games today, standings, possible changes in percentages and standings, pitchers and past performances.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.									
Team	W	L	P	W	L	P	W	L	P
Cleveland	41	24	404	Kahler and Mitchell	Won 10				
St. Louis	38	27	404	Cliff and Foster	Won 4				
At Philadelphia	35	30	404	Levens and Mitchell	Won 4				
Chicago	35	30	404	Brown and Bender	Won 6				
At New York	33	32	404	Scott or O'Brien	Won 1				
Detroit	31	34	404	Ford or McManis	Won 6				
At Washington	28	37	404	Huber or Willett	Won 8				
At Philadelphia	27	38	404	Engel or Hughes	Won 5				
At Philadelphia	27	38	404	Washington by 12 games; Chicago by 18 1/2 games; Boston by 20 1/2 games; Detroit by 27 games; St. Louis by 29 1/2 games; New York by 34 games.					
*Play a doubleheader. Percentage remains substantially the same if they break even.									

Runs Scored in Four Leagues

Runs scored in principal leagues during week beginning Saturday, July 28, and ending Friday, August 1.

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STALLING SYSTEM IN SHOWING RESULTS AGAINST CARDINALS

ST. LOUIS FANS IMPRESSED BY PILGRIMS' WORK

LINEUP FOR TODAY.
PILGRIMS ST. LOUIS
Maraville, ss. Whitted, ss.
Lord, c. Oakes, c.
Connelly, 1b. O'Leary, 2b.
Smith, 3b. Cather, p.
Sweeney, 2b. Kennedy, 1b.
Myers, 1b. Magee, 1b.
Mann, c. Wingo, 3b.
Whaling, c. Harmon, p.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 2.—That a good ball club, one which is trying, will continue to battle and win, even without its manager, is being demonstrated by the Boston Pilgrims here.

George Stallings has been given credit for developing the Pilgrims and hauling them out of last place and his system now is bringing results.

The Pilgrims, when Stallings, are beating the Cardinals here, because they are playing real baseball. When the hit and run fails, they try something else and if they take on the catcher then the hit and run is not thought of with that the Pilgrims are holding brilliantly, and it is not possible that they are far ahead of the Cardinals and Reds.

Stallings made the proper changes when he removed Jennings, Jennings and the difference is shown in his team and the Cardinals, though in commanding a set of supposed stars who are not trying and who are not doing well.

Sullivan has become a fence buster, Judie Maraville and Lord as home-run waiters. Less home runs yesterday, one of the largest of the season and cleared the right field wall, going out of the park. The only other player to duplicate this is "Charley" Williams of the Pirates, who got the ball over the fence yesterday.

With the superior hitting again the Pilgrims now have won six and a half games, or twenty-six points, behind the Cardinals.

"Lefty" Tyler or Dick Biddle will get the start of the last game from the Cardinals today.

If the Pilgrims scored and Brooklyn again, then the Pilgrims will have a good chance to come home fifth. The Pilgrims are now in a good job at third base and Charlie McDonald and Smith is a fast fielder and can cover the bases and will be in the hands at any field position.

The Pilgrims are now in a good job at third base and Charlie McDonald and Smith is a fast fielder and can cover the bases and will be in the hands at any field position.

Mike Glover Matched.
NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—Mike Glover, the clever Boston lightweight, will meet Paddy Sullivan, a local hero, in a ten-round bout at Atlantic A. A. Rode away, next Tuesday.

Amusements. Amusements.

Amusements. Amusements.

Carlstrom Will Report in Fall

Manager Louis Piper of the local New England League team, announced yesterday that Alvin Carlstrom, head coach of the local team, has been loaned to the Boston Red Sox for \$2500. Carlstrom will report in the fall.

Amusements

Amusements. Amusements.

Amusements. Amusements.

Amusements. Amusements.

Amusements. Amusements.

Amusements. Amusements.

Amusements. Amusements.

Amusements. Amusements.

Quarter-pounds, 15 Cents.

BOSTON AMERICAN

60 AND 62 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, AUGUST 2, 1913.

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN NEW ENGLAND,
DAILY AND SUNDAY

Britain's Sordid Attitude Towards the Panama Exposition

Great Britain's refusal to take part in the Panama Canal Exposition of 1915 may be accepted in sorrow rather than in anger—sorrow that the government of so great an empire should have sunk into such a narrow rut of parochial politics that for the sake of a ha'porth of self-advantage it would sacrifice its share in the nobler spirit of rejoicing in a world's great work well done.

Here, then, is the childish retort to the refusal of our government to submit to arbitration the dispute about the canal tolls—"We won't play in your yard."

Of the dispute itself this newspaper has already on many occasions expressed its emphatic views. Based on a shadowy protectorate over the Mosquito Indians, in which there was never any practical reality, Great Britain undertakes, under the letter of certain treaties made at a time when the idea of a canal at Panama was not dreamed of, to tell the United States that it cannot send its own coastwise traffic at a lower rate than foreign ocean traffic through a canal every dollar of whose vast cost it has itself paid for and which runs through territory entirely under the American flag!

In practical operation the amount involved on the ocean-going traffic of foreign ships would admittedly be so small that the raising of a dispute about it at all by any foreign government becomes a shining example of "hot potato" stand diplomacy.

From a government that acquired the Suez Canal through the devices, if forceful, methods Great Britain employed—always, of course, strictly observing every honorable obligation to its neighbors from the purely and curious British viewpoint—the Panama protest was simply an astonishing exhibition of sordid and envious greed.

It would be difficult to believe that such a decision as this by Great Britain represented anything more than the clamor of its Tory press—the kind of press that a day or two ago exploited an article calling for the abolition in tennis of the overhand service which enabled McLoughlin to win back the Davis cup—if it were not for the fact that the government is so largely radical in its tone. It is difficult, even with that in mind, to believe that this decision about the San Francisco fair can possibly represent general British sentiment toward America.

Americans, generally speaking, are so broad-minded that they do not want fully to realize that it may be only "hands across the sea" when there is something substantial in Uncle Sam's. They know full well that the friendship that has to be bought is not worth paying for. John Bull is surely not so poverty-stricken that he must haggle over a penny with a friend. This show of petty temper is, alas, a deplorable betrayal of a mean spirit.

And to base his position on a high-sounding principle is for John Bull to pose on a pedestal of lofty self-righteousness which history never erected for him, and which would topple if tapped with even a toy hammer of truth.

But, if great nations can sometimes be small, smaller nations can frequently be big. Twenty-two, including even Japan, have agreed to exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition and its success and interest cannot now be materially impaired. The canal itself, the greatest wonder of the world wrought by man, will be open, and ships of all nations, even those of Great Britain, will be passing through it on their voyages over the new trade routes of the oceans, opening up new countries and new enterprises and new profits for all the peoples of the earth to share—among them Great Britain, and not the least.

Could Morgan Be King of Italy?

No, and if He Were Living He Would Not Want to Be. He had an Easier Kingship
Copyright, 1913, by Star Company

Editor Boston American:

Dear Sir—Is the following statement true? That some years ago Mr. John Pierpont Morgan returned a stolen relic very much sought for, which he purchased for a very large sum of money, to the King of Italy. And the King, in gratitude for this magnanimous deed, conferred upon Mr. Morgan a title which makes him a member of the royal family. And in case of the death of every member of the real family, which I think impossible, Mr. Morgan would become King. And in case of his predecease the throne would devolve to his eldest son.

Thanking you for your consideration of this letter, I am sincerely yours,
ROCCO MONTANI.

No, the King of Italy did not give Mr. Morgan a title of nobility that caused him to be included in the royal family. And Mr. Morgan and his heirs never could inherit the throne of Italy.

The King of Italy would have no power, even if he had the inclination, to do that.

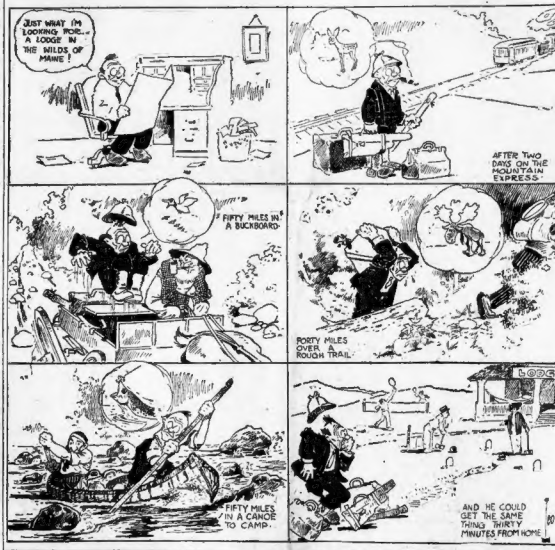
Should the present King of Italy die, and should his heirs die, the question of his succession would be settled by the Italian people, who have always shown a great capacity for ruling themselves or selecting their own rulers.

An ending of the present dynasty, to which the Italians for good reasons are attached, would result probably in the establishment of an Italian republic. For Italy, is really a republic in fact today.

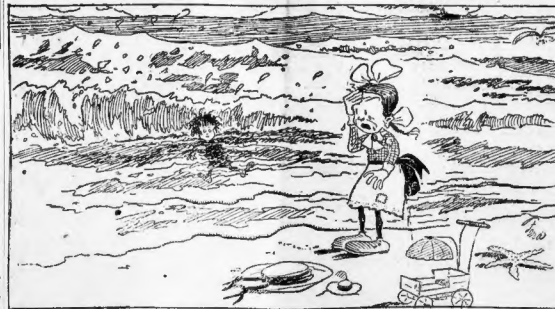
The Bubble Reputation



I Wonder Why----



Not a Lifeguard in Sight

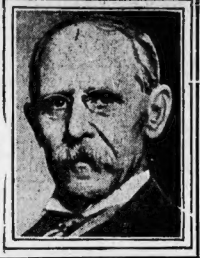


What Is the Matter with the State Board of Arbitration?

All Sides of the Situation Discussed in Tomorrow's Sunday American

CHILD TOIL OF PRESENT AGE WORST EVER

History Has Never
Known a Slavery So
Blighting as That of
the Young Victims of
Modern Commercial-
ism—Money Spent in
Pure Extravagance
Would Soon Relieve
These Children from
the Grasp of Despair



By GARRETT P. SERVISS

I F one-half the energy that is lavished upon impracticable schemes of social reform and one-tenth of the money that is thrown away in pure extravagance were concentrated upon the solution of the problem of enfranchising the children of the so-called civilized nations from their bondage to Glant Despair, whose dogmatic echo to the pitiless grinding of the money-making machines, there would go up, within a year's time, such a paean of rejoicing childhood as would warm the cockles of the world's great heart—for the world has a heart, if you can but reach it!

I have just been reading an article on "Children in Bondage," in the Good Housekeeping Magazine, which, ought, in itself, to start a revolution. And it has recalled an experience of my own bearing upon this great question of child slavery.

Some years ago I went on a lecturing tour in the South. I stopped one night in one of the busiest of those industrial cities which have sprung up within a couple of decades in that wonderful part of our country.

Chief Promoter of Lecture
Showed Writer Thro' His Mill

The next morning the owner of a great mill, who was one of the chief promoters of the local lecture course, and who took great satisfaction in his connection with so commendable an enterprise, and staidly spent money to keep it going, invited me to visit his mill. It was near noon when I approached his formidable walls, and was admitted within its guarded gates, and I stopped amazed at the first sight of human life that my eyes fell upon there.

It was a long row of little boys and girls, pale-faced and haggard, and clothed in the flimsiest and poorest garments, with tin pails on their arms—waiting in line to carry their dinners to their brothers and sisters who were huddled to the treadmill within. Some of them glanced quickly about, at the least sound, with a scared expression, as if they expected a lash! Evidently there was no time in that busy place for human beings to stop to eat, otherwise than as the over-worked dray horse stops at the edge of the pavement to have a bag of meal hung over his neck, with his nose thrust into it!

My interest in the sights that the mill might have to offer was at ready chilled, but, nevertheless, I went in. I remembered how delighted the owner had been to see so many of "his people" listening to a lecture on astronomy the night before!

I shall not try to describe what I saw. No doubt it was a sight that ought to have made me thrill with admiration for the practical application of the great principle of "efficiency" which I saw before me, but in fact it only made me sad and depressed.

Pale Faces Obliterated Thought of Marvels of Machinery

I could not admire the marvelous machinery, could pay no attention to the wonderful statistics that were poured into my ears about the incredible number of this, that or the other things that could be turned out in a single minute, for I really saw nothing but pale, drawn faces, bent over the machines, not daring to look up for a moment, and white, bony fingers doing perilous feats with the darting shuttles, and I heard only the inhuman hum of the mechanical monsters that were devouring those young lives!

I have always regretted that there was an occasion when I had not the courage to say what I thought. But we all meet many such occasions. One reason why the world does not improve more rapidly is because we are too often moral cowards. However, I never think pleasantly of the name of that town, although it had listened very flatteringly to what I did say—but that was about the stars, and when you talk about the stars you can hurt no man's "business."

Such Conditions Prevail Throughout Entire Country

Of course such things are not confined to the South. In fact, it is to be feared that New England taught the lesson. Read the article to which I have referred if you want a host of other facts about this nefarious business of killing of the young of the race, killing them soul and body, in order to swell the bloated carcass of Mammon! Then think seriously about what you have read, and, having thought, act; for modern civilization is doomed unless this unholy thing be destroyed!

We Must Send Them Out to Play

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX
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NOW much there is need of doing must not be done in haste; But slowly and with patience, as a jungle is changed to a town. When a murderer's hand is lifted to kill, there is no time to waste; And the way to change his purpose is first to knock him down. And teach him the law of kindness after you give him the blow.

The acorn you plant in the morning will not give shade at noon: And the thornless cactus must be bred by year on year of toil. But listen, brothers, listen; it is not over the way.

For the roots of the poison plant you cannot pull too soon: If you would better your garden and make the most of your soil, Hurry and dig up the evil things and cast them out today.

The ancient sin of the nations no law can ever efface: We must wait for the mothers of men to grow, and give clean souls to their sons.

But listen, my brothers, listen—when a child cries out in pain, We must rise from the banquet board and go, though the host is saying grace; We must rise and find the Herod of Greed, who is killing our little ones.

Nor ever go back to the banquet until the monster is slain. The strong man waits for justice, with lifted soul and eyes. As a sturdy oak will face the storm, and does not break or bow. But listen, my brothers, listen; the child is a child for a day; If a merciless foot treads down each shoot, how can the forest rise? We are robbing the race when we rob a child; we must rescue the children NOW!

We must rescue the little slaves of Greed and send them out to play.